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He made the acquaintance of a woman whom he loved, and married her. Two children were born to them, and the family were living happily. But the keen-eyed detectives found him again, and his home was broken up. He wandered from city to city, under changed names, hunted down just as runaway slaves used to be, and all this because he had dared to break away from an unendurable bondage, to which he had given himself in an irresponsible condition, that he might live in possession of himself, and of his time and labor.

Military slavery is carried to its extreme limit in Europe, where men at the age of 21 are forced into the service regardless of any wish of their own. There is no liberty of choice left, no liberty of conscience. Men may be utterly opposed to the whole horrid system, but into it they must go "like dumb driven cattle," or leave the country, or be seized and dragged into service or to prison. There is no liberty of speech. No soldier "can express from the rank and file" his opposition to the system of which he has become an unwilling part. "The 'regulations' compel his voice to remain anonymous," even where he may by stealth succeed in conveying his sentiments in writing beyond the lines. There is no liberty of action. The conscript's bodily movements, even where they are free, are confined within a narrow and definitely prescribed limit, and all the essential portions of his time these movements are directed by another. There is of course liberty of thought, so far as that is possible without freedom of speech and of action. But this was true under all the old forms of slavery. The slaves in the cotton-fields and on the sugar plantations were at liberty to think as they pleased so long as they kept still and "did their job." If the hearts of the conscripts "are smothered into the sorriest of all servitudes," the liberty of thought of very many of them is smothered entirely out by the necessity of thinking *tout bas*. Thought can not act freely in such shackles.

The shadow of this monstrous slavery of militarism has grown black as night over all Europe to-day. If the author of "The Republic" could come back to his beloved Greece and take a journey thence to all the parts of Europe he would find his ideal commonwealth everywhere very nearly realized—the state everything, the people nothing; and he would at once for very shame write a "New Republic." No wonder that in this "sorriest of all servitudes" "the meanest country lad turns back in thought to the sties and stables in his father's yard with longing." He would be a meaner lad if he did not.

The saddest thing about it all is that this slavery is to a considerable extent self-imposed. And why? Let our French Conscript say. "They have been fostered from their childhood with warlike traditions. Baby guns and trumpets were brought to them in their cradles. This nursery education, along with the heredity from fathers who fought the gigantic battles of—or against—

Napoleon, contributes largely toward their being both dazzled and deceived."

Keep thinking the best you can, O conscript brothers. Keep cutting off your tape-measures. Speak out your feeling when you get home again. Help to educate a new generation whom "baby guns and trumpets" will not have made it possible to dazzle and deceive. The times are fast ripening. The statesmen and rulers of Europe will soon be compelled to listen to the stifled cry of "the huge benumbed multitude."

A CRACKED BELL.

I was very glad to read the discriminating editorial in the last *ADVOCATE OF PEACE* relative to the "Worship of the Flag," fully coinciding with the much needed caution therein contained, that the children ought not to be mis-educated into the pitiful notion that "this earth exists for the United States alone, and that we ought to flaunt our flag menacingly and haughtily in the faces of all other peoples." The mischievous position of General Lew Wallace, as promulgated in his Chickamauga paper, runs well along in the same line: the North and South, the Nationalist and the Confederate, were awhile ago at sword's points; but now they are reconciled, let no other people of the earth insult or touch them at their peril. "And the same day Pilate and Herod were made friends together, for before, they were at enmity between themselves." Borodino and Moscow, Balaklava and Inkermann tell the blood-written tale of the enmity of Russia and France; their reconciliation and effusive friendship of to-day is formed after the fashion of Pilate and Herod, a league offensive and defensive as against Germany, their present common enemy. These reconciliations are of the world's sort and of its self-seeking spirit, and by no means promotive of that international peace and good-will which are to be looked for as the presage of the permanent incoming of better things.

Pertinent to the above comment on the flag, is a brief editorial note in the last *Christian Neighbor* upon "Obedience to the 'Old Bell,'" suggested by the train transportation of the generally venerated revolutionary relic from Independence Hall in Philadelphia to Atlanta. "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the Land, unto all the Inhabitants thereof," is the motto around it, near its top. And the motto upon the shield of the State of Pennsylvania, where the bell belongs, is the three words, "Virtue, Liberty and Independence." First and greatest of these there is virtue, because where that is lacking, liberty becomes mere license. What license is permitted the daily press, to manufacture and sell its very worldly products on the first day of the week! What license is accorded the vendor of printed poison, and what the vendor of liquid poison that inebriates, imbrutes and paralyzes! What license has the provider of theatrical entertainments, concerning which actors and actresses themselves testify that they are excessively vile! Surely this is not the liberty that a Christian State should proclaim. Alas, the old bell is cracked! It has a hollow and a dissonant sound.

JOSIAH W. LEEDS.